

K 2.9.16

# THESAURUS MUSICUS:

BEING, A

## COLLECTION of the Newest SONGS

PERFORMED

At His *Majesties Theatres*; and at the Consorts in *Viller-street* in *York-buildings*, and in *Charles-street Covent-Garden*. Most of the Songs being within the Compass of the *Flute*.

WITH A  
Thorow-Bass to each SONG, for the *Harpsicord, Theorbo, or Bass-Viol*.

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Composed by most of the Ingenious Masters of the Town.

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### THE FOURTH BOOK.



LONDON,

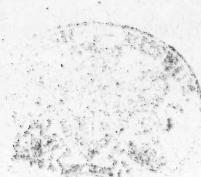
Printed by J. Heptinstall for John Hudgebutt. And are to be sold by John Carr, at his Shop near the Middle-Temple-Gate in Fleetstreet, and Daniel Dring at the Harrow and Crown at the corner of Cliffords-Inn-Lane in Fleetstreet, where Masters and Shopkeepers may have them. And at most Musick-Shops in Town. Price one Shilling Sixpence. 1695.

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41.

7. 3.



BOOKS Printed for, and Sold by John Hudgebutt.

*Thesaurus Musicus* the 1st. 2d. 3d. and 4th. Books.

A Collection of New AIRS, Composed for Two Flutes with Sonatas, by several of the most Ingenious Masters of this Age. Price One Shilling Sixpence.

Page 1 & 2 are wanting. *Ed.*

[ 3 ]

A Song made by Mr. Durfey upon a new Country.  
Dance, called, Mr. Lanes Magget.



S Trike up drowsie Gut-Scrapers, Gallants be rea-dy each with his La-ly,



Foot it about till the Night be run out, let no one's Humour pall: Brisk Lads now



cut your Capers, put your Legs to't, and shew you can do't; frisk, frisk it away till the



break of the day, and hey for Richmond Ball. Fortune-biters, Hags, Bum-fighters,



Nymphs of the Woods, and stale Ci-ty-Goods; ye Cherubins, and Saraphins, ye



Caravans, and Haradans, in order all advance; Twittenham-Loobies, Thistleworth-



Boobies, Wits of the Town, and Beaus that havenone, ye Jacobites as sharp as Pins, ye



and ye Sooterkins, I'll show you all this Dance.

II.

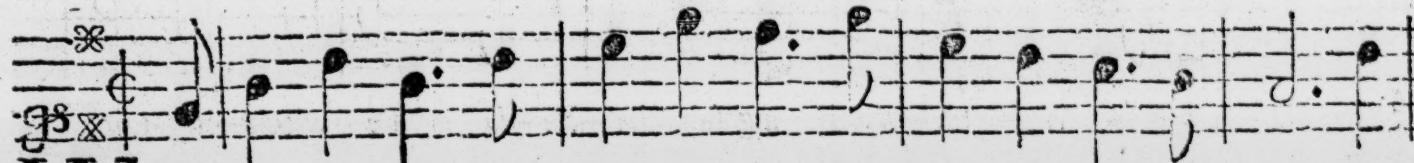
Cast d Johnny,  
I nny,  
T ou;  
L Jane;  
And i Row:  
Then, the must too,  
And w,  
Nim 'gh;  
Then ut,  
To th e out,  
meet below.

Pass, then cross,  
Then Jack's pretty Lass,  
Then turn her about, about and about;  
And, Jacky if you can do so too  
With Betty, while the Time is true,  
We'll all your Ear commend:  
Still there's more  
To lead all four;  
Two by Nancy stand,  
And give her your Hand,  
Then cast her quickly down below,  
And meet her in the second Row:  
The DANCE is at an End.

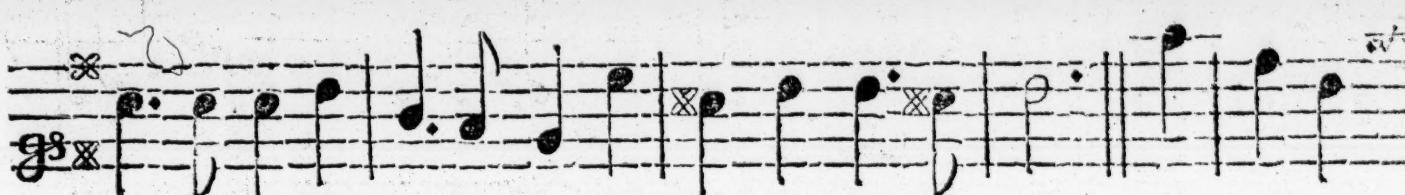
## A Song set by Mr. Robert King.

Ease, cease, cease, cease fond *Amintas*; cease, cease, cease *Amin-tas* to complain, thy *Phil-*  
 —lis feels not e-qual pain; As if the same concern were due, from  
 her in ab-sence as from you, she has suf-ficiency of her own, to  
 make her happy, hap — py tho' a-lone; she has suf-ficiency of her own,  
 to ma — ke her happy tho' a-lone,  
 to ma — ke her happy tho' a-lone.

A Song upon Mrs. Brace-girdle's Acting Marcella,  
in *Don-Quixote*, Set by Mr. Godfrey Finger.



W hile I with wounding grief did look, when Love had turn'd your brain; from



you the dire Dif-ease I took, and bore my self your pain: Mar-cel-la



then your Lover prize, and be not too se-vere; use well the



conquests of your Eyes, for Pride has lost your Deare.

## II.

*Ambrofio treats your flames with scorn,  
And rakes your tender mind;  
Withdraw your Frowns, and Smiles return,  
And pay him in his kind.*

*Yet Smiles again where Smiles are due,  
And my true Love esteem:  
For I much more doe rage for you  
Than you can burn for him.*

A new Song set by Mr. Henry Purcell, in the Play ca'lld  
*Abdelazar*. Sung by the Boy.

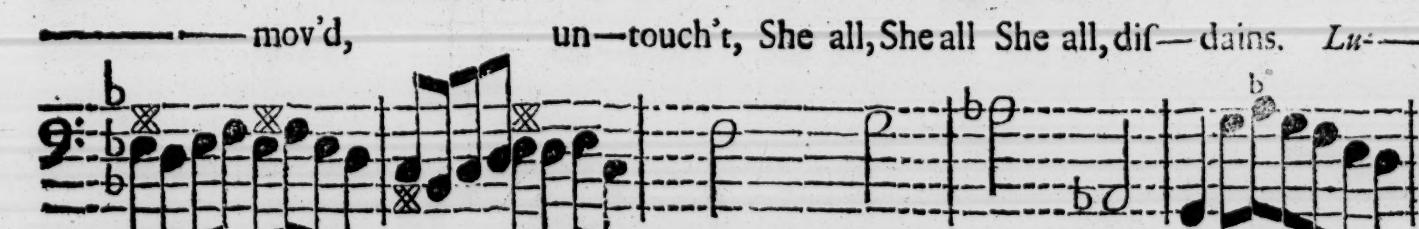
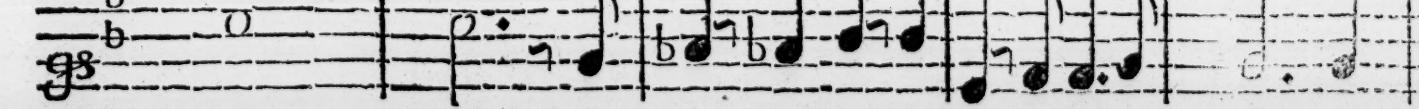
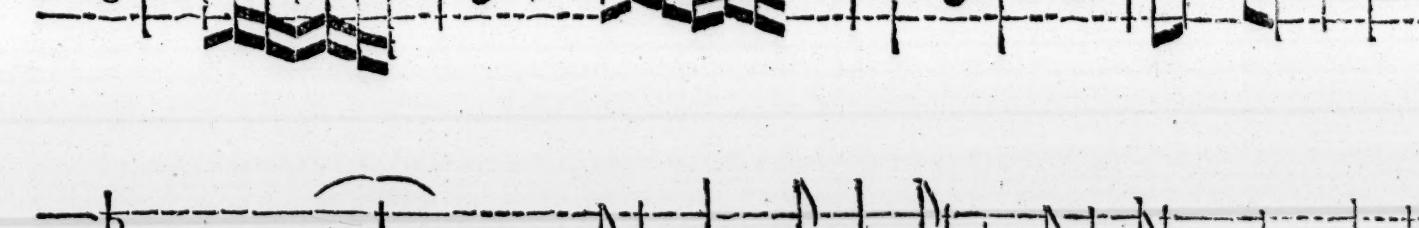
*U - cin - da* is be - witch - ing fair, *Lu - cin - da* is be - witch - ing fair,

all o're, all o're in - ga - ging is her

Air; all o're, all o're, all o're in - ga - ging is her Air;

all o're, all o're in - ga - ging is her Air: In ev'ry Song *Lu -*

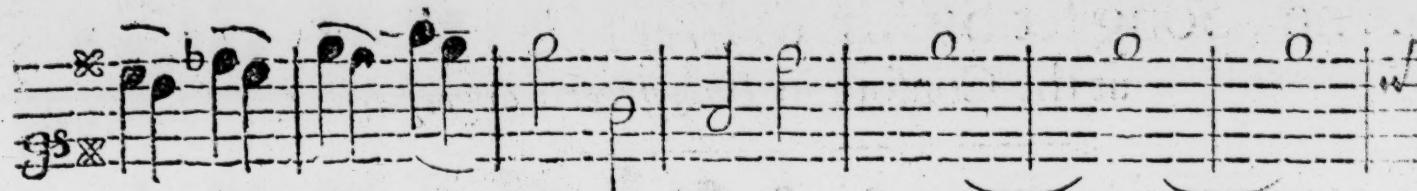
*cin - da*, *Lu - cinda*, *Lu - cinda*'s fam'd, She is the Queen — — — of Love pro -

First Strain  
again.

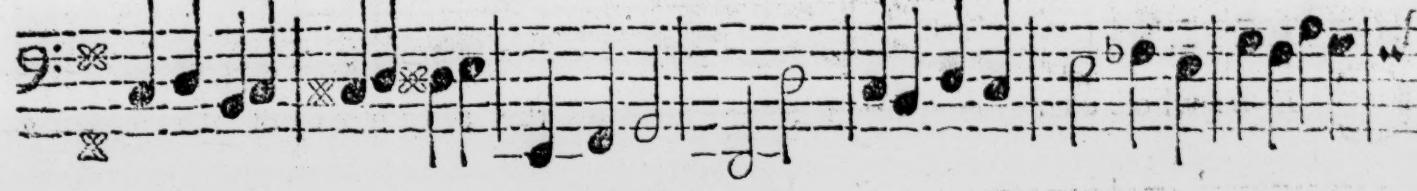
End with the first Strain from this mark. :S:

## A Song set by Captain Pack.

A SK me not to Sing, dear creature, nor so much my Face be—hold; since you  
 know both Voice and Feature, Voice and Feature, so dif—order'd, so dif—  
 order'd by a Cold: Must I Sing with—out a Voice, will you then  
 not, then not be con—tent? pray Sir play, nay be not nice, no mat—ter  
 for an In—strument. Why these Reasons all in vain, must I what I  
 cannot doe? fair Cinthia, fair, fair Cinthia, oh I Sing, Sing in pain,



I Sing, Sing in pain, in pain, I vow,



you must ex-cuse me now.



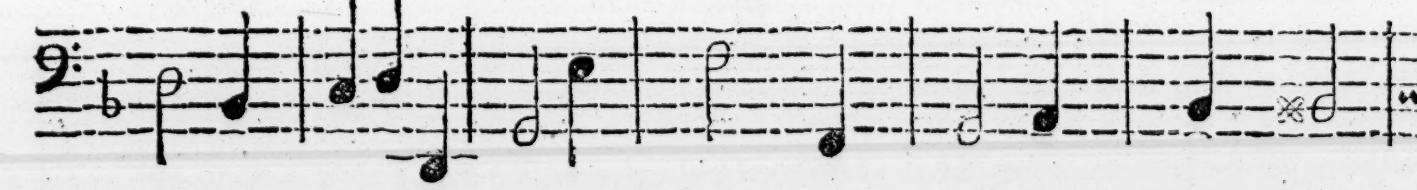
H ow happy are we Nymphs and Swains, here, neither Pride nor



En-vey reigns; no vain am-bitious thoughts mo-left, That qui-et



calmness of our breast; we Sing, we dance, we laugh and



play, we sport, we sport, and re-vel all the day.



A new Song set by Mr. Godfrey Finger, Sung by the Boy  
 at the Consort in Dukestreet Coventgarden.

C E-lia whose char- ms the ev'ry move, of the im-  
 mor- tal Gods a-bove, smiling askt me what is Love?  
 Fair Angel my Soul- 's possest by what can never, never,  
 ne- ver be ex- prest; ah! 'tis a stranger to your  
 breast, if for ever, e-ver you can be from an e-qual pas- sion  
 free, why shou'd the God- s give life to me; must I oh blessed

[ 11 ]



power's in vain, in vai——n, thus of my Being, still, still,



still com-plain, will you never end my pain; never, never end my pain; will you



ne——ver end my pain, ne——ver end my pain.



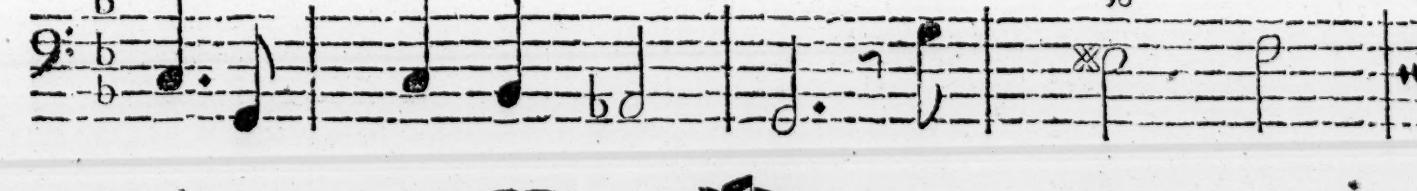
### A New Song.



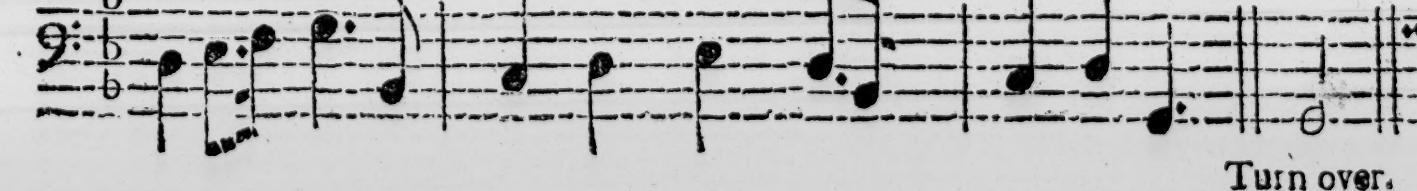
Had Me-la-ni-sa gent-ly sway'd, gent——ly, gent——ly



sway'd the Scep-ter that She bore, her sub-ject I had



still obey'd, and hugg'd, and hugg'd the chain I wore:



Turn over.



But since by boundless ty-ran-ny she for fit-ted her



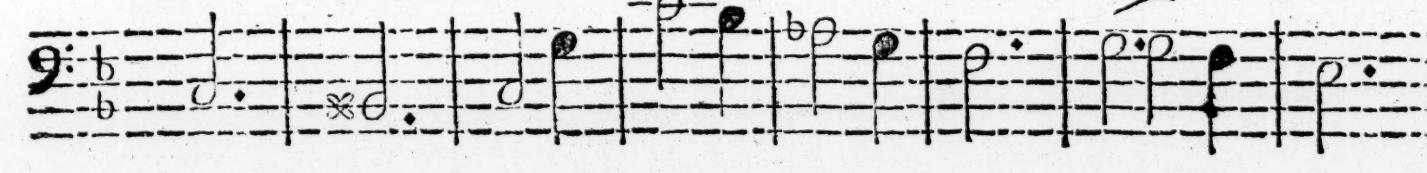
right, the throne now vacant, I'm left free, the throne now va-cant



I'm left free, I'm left free, a no-ther to in-vite: Come



Syl-via then vouch-safe to wear the ab-di-ca-ted Crown, thy go-vern-



ment I'll free-ly bear, and thee, and thee my sov'reign own.



Ill u-sage there, did to dis-cord al-le-giance me com-pell; But





here such Goodness stands as guard, no fear, no fear I shou'd re-bell.



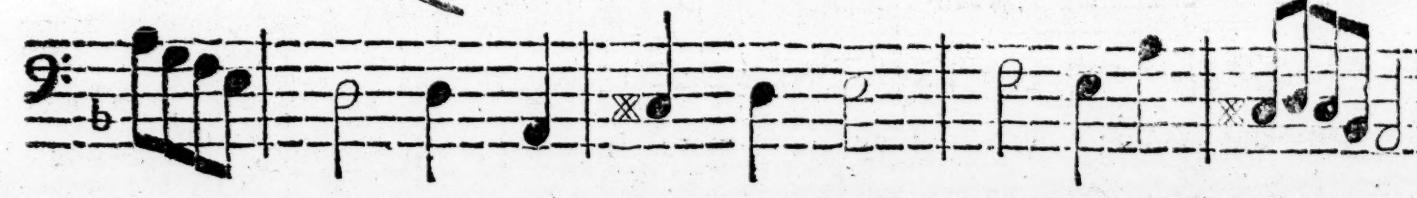
### A New Scotch Song.



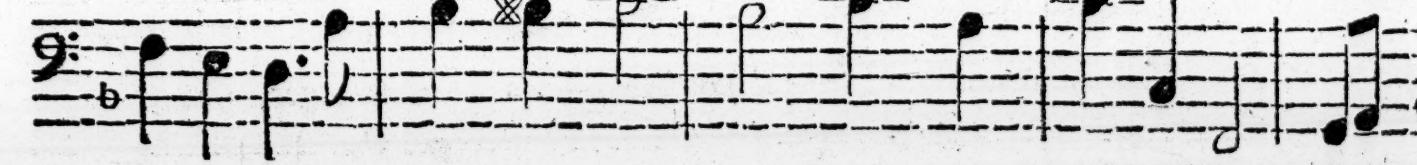
S Aw-ney, let us gang a-way, to feick with all the beau Valk, and our bift Cloathes



on, in troth I'se make of a bonny, bonny Lass, as blith a Mate as a - nv one:



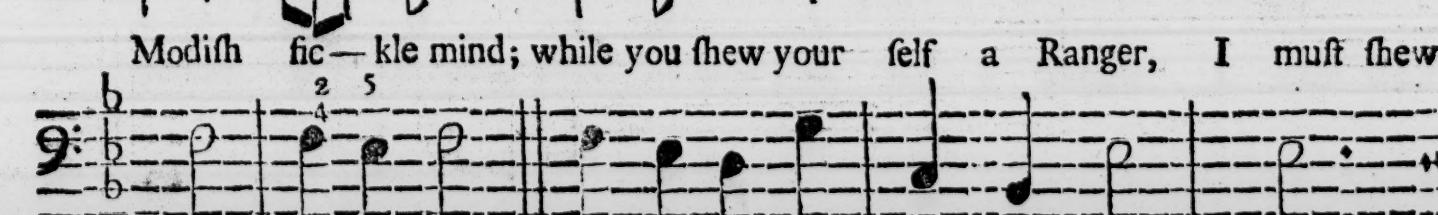
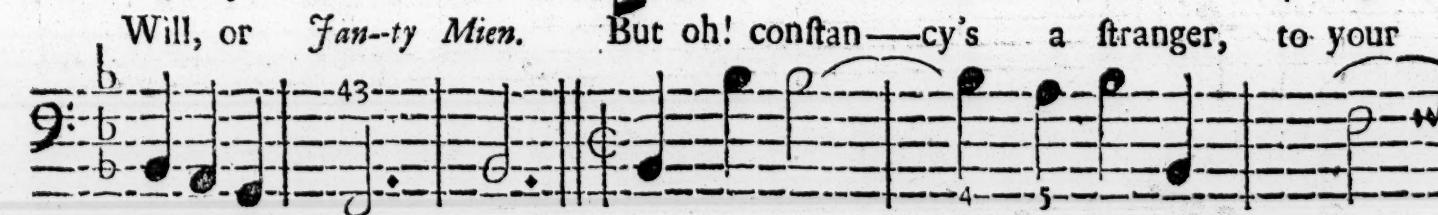
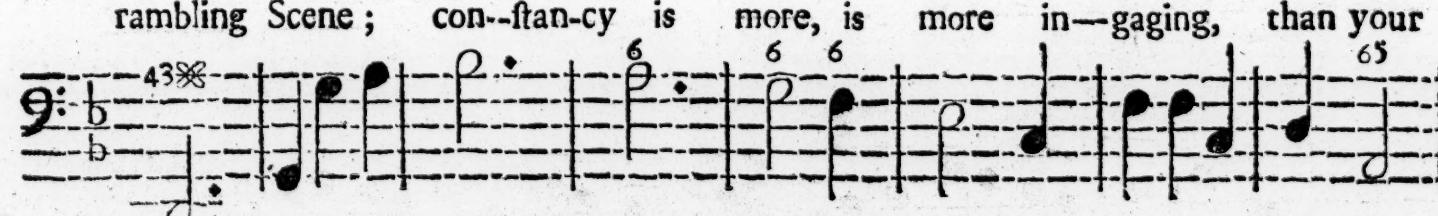
I'se can tarry now no longer, wilt thou wed me yee or no? if yee



wou not ha me, do not say yee Love, it boots not me to dal-ly so.



A Song set by Mr. Robert King, Sung at the Confort  
in York-Buildings.



my self un-kind; while you shew your self a Ranger, I must

76 76

shew my self un-kind.

43

*An Epithalamium, set by Mr. Robert King.*

He la-zy Sun withdraws at last his too of-ficious light,

The la-zy Sun withdraws at last his too officious light, and leaves the

and leaves the Lovers now to tast the Pleasures of the Night;

Lovers, and leaves the Lovers now to tast the Pleasures of the Night;

Lovers, and leaves the Lovers now to tast the Pleasures of the Night;

Turn over.



Had *Thetis*, Mistress of the Sun, half *Me-li-*



Had *Thetis* Mistress, had *Thetis* Mistress of the Sun, half *Me-li-*



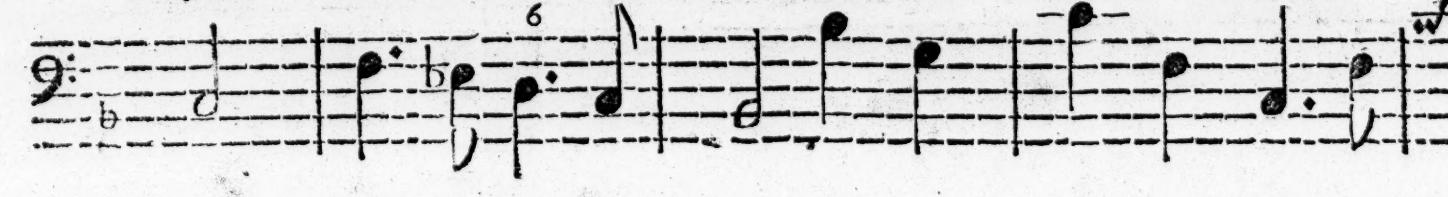
*o-ra's Charms, the God his Course had swif-ter run, had*



*swif-ter run, and rush't in— to her Arms, and*



*run, had swif-ter run, and rush't in— to her Arms, and*



*rush't, and rush't in— to her Arms.*



*rush't, and rush't in— to her Arms.*

II.  
To Bed, to Bed, ye happy Pair,  
The important NOW enjoy ;  
You'll find a thousand fond Ways there,  
Each minute to employ.

Transported with too eager Bliss,  
Love's mystick ways you'l try ;  
And in a wonderfull Abyss  
Of Raptures both will dye.



## Chorus.

3  
4  
But oh! ye am'-rous pow'r's a-bove, who still the glitt'ring Court of Jove; which of you  
9: 3  
4  
But oh! ye am'-rous pow'r's a-bove, who still the glitt'ring Court of Jove;  
9: 3  
4  
all, which of you all, which of you all, blest as you are,  
9:  
which of you all, which of you all, all, all, blest as you are, wou'd not  
9:  
wou'd not be the Bridgroom here, and put off I—mor—tal—li—ty;  
9:  
be, wou'd not be the Bridgroom here, and put off I—mor—tal—li—ty;  
9:  
so sweet, so sweet, so sweet, so sweet, so sweet a death to die.  
9:  
so sweet, so sweet, so sweet, so sweet, so sweet a death to die.  
7 65 43 76 5  
9:

## A New Song set by Mr. Robert King.

W<sup>b</sup> Hilft on *Me-la-ni-sa* gazing, I survey'd each pleasing grace; tempted to a

soft embracing, I ap—proach her Beauteous Face; where with endless rap—tures

Kissing, I cou'd breath mv Soul a-way; but my Eyes their pleasures missing,

Chide my Lips too long de—lay.

## II.

Least the Eye shou'd loose its longing,  
I a while quit t'other bliss;  
Till my Lips their loss bemoaning,  
Prompt me to a second Kiss.  
Thus perpetually renewing,  
Those two never fading joys;  
Kissing her by turns and Viewing,  
Pleas'd I feast both Lips and Eyes.

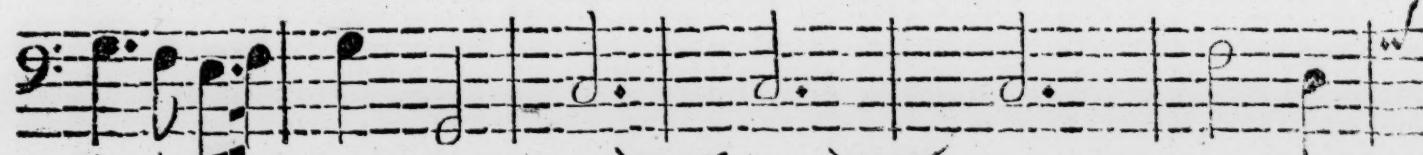
## A New Song.

I<sup>3i</sup> Et the Women be gone, drive the *Sy—rens* a—way; whose Charms do de—

Let the Women be gone, drive the *Sy—rens* a—way; whose Charms do de—



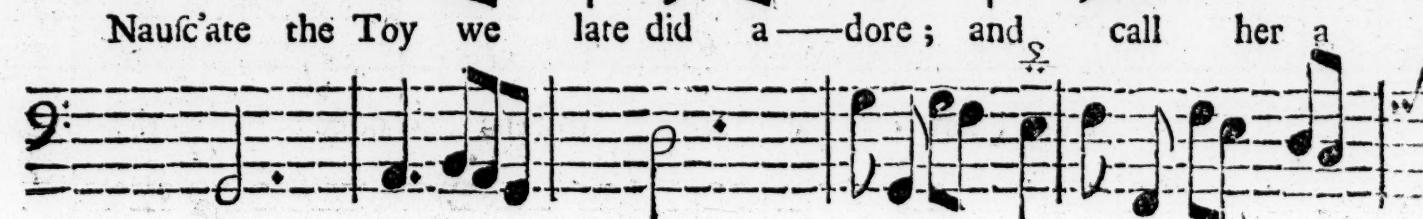
ceive us, and Smiles but be-tray; the pleasure, the pleasure they bring proves  
 receive us, and Smiles but be-tray; the pleasure, the pleasure they bring proves



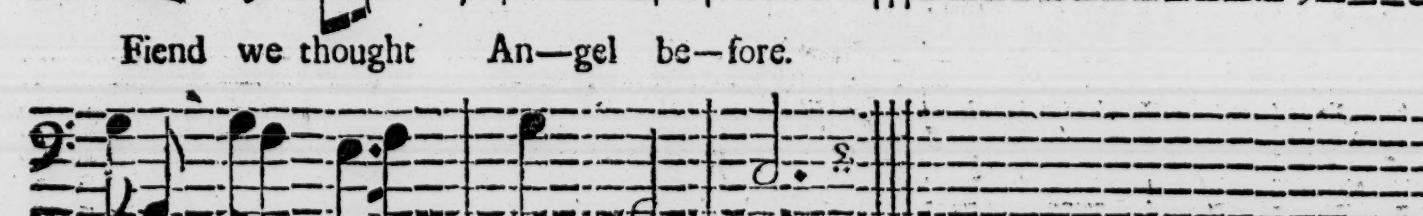
of-ten a Curse, for when once we have taken 'em for Better for Worse, we



Nauscate the Toy we late did a-dore; and call her a

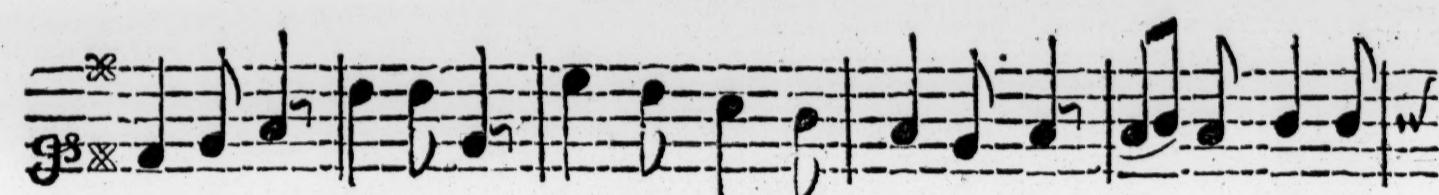


Fiend we thought An-gel be-fore.





N One wou'd roughly keep the Field, and re-sist this



God with care; No, no, no, none wou'd roughly keep the Field, and re-sist this



God with care; But they that know not what it is to yeild, to the conquest,



to the con-quest of the fair; to the conquest, to the



con-quest of the fair.



[ 21 ]

## A New Song set by Mr. Godfrey Finger.

O Ur Hearts are touch't with sacred fires, with sacred  
 fires; our Hearts are touch'd with sacred fires, with sacred fires;  
 our Hearts are touch'd with sacred fires, with sacred fires: A gen'rous  
 heat our Souls in—spire, A gen'rous heat our Souls in—spire,  
 with rap—ture, and with soft de—sire, with  
 rap—ture, and with soft de—sire.

G

## A New Song set by Mr. R. Courtiville.

N O more, no more I'll seek relief, for tender Love and constant pain; my rest-less Nights, my rest-less Nights, my rest-less Nights and dai-ly grief, and dai-ly grief sure on-ly to increase dis-dain: The humble, hum-ble suppliant scorn does move, and Me-rit, me-rit seldom, seldom meets return; 'tis vain to think, 'tis vain, 'tis vain to think, because I Love, because I Love,

Love, she must with e — qual, she must with e —

— — qual pas — sion burn, she burn.

## A New Song set by Mr. William Turner.

A H! Cru-el Youth why hast thou took a Heart I with such care still kept it  
as my own; loath and un-willing it was to de-part, for fear of meet-ing  
no re-turn. But now 'tis gone, gone past re-trive, has quitted his a

II.  
Sure he's a Charm beyond all Human kind,  
Else he cou'd ne're have pierc'd my fickle breast;  
I, who was ne're to busy Love inclin'd,  
Am his slave and robb'd of all my rest:  
S: My Heart is fled, fled past recall,  
This Covetous Love (I fear) has grasp'd it all.

III.

When first I saw him 'twas with no design,  
But only curious humour to oblige ;  
Yet was his Sence, His Tongue, both so divine,  
'Gainst his Charms I nothing cou'd alledge :  
S: But found too late I must submit,  
As due to both his Goodness, and engaging Wit.

## A New Song.

H opeless I languish out my days, struck with U-ra-nia's conq'ring  
 Eyes, the wretch at whom she darts these Rays, must feel the wound un-  
 — till he dyes: Tho' end-less be her Cru-el-ty, calling her Beauty to my  
 mind, I bow beneath her Ti-ran-ny, yet dare not murmur  
 she's un-kind.

## II.

Reason this tameness does upbraid,  
 Proffring to Arm in my defence;  
 But, when I call her to my aid,  
 She's more a Traytor than my Friend :  
 No sooner I the War declare,  
 But strait her Succour she denies ;  
 And joyning Forces with the Fair,  
 Confirms the Conquest of her Eyes.

A Song in the last New Play call'd, (*Love for Love.*)

Sung by Mr. Pate, Set by Mr. John Eccles

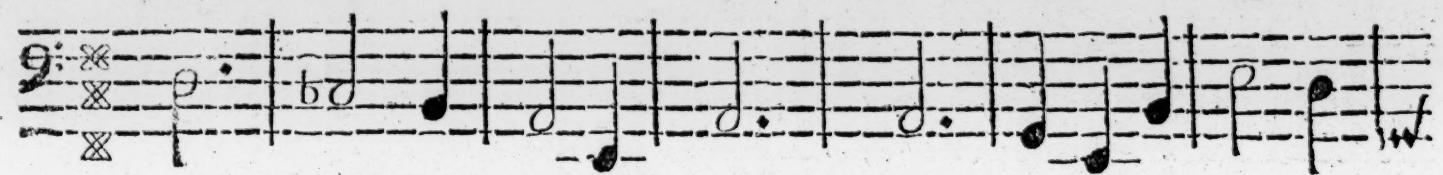
A Nymph and a Swain, a  
 Nymph and a Swain to *A-pollo* once pray'd; the Swain had been Jilted, the Swain had  
 been Jilted, been Jilted, the Nymph been be — tray'd :  
 They'r in-tent was to try if this Oracle knew, e're a Nymph, e're a Nymph,  
 e're a Nymph that was Chast, that was Chast, or a Swain that was  
 true: *A-pol-lo* was mute; mute, mute, and had



like t'have been pos'd, had like, had like t'have been pos'd, but Sagely



sage-ly, sage-ly at length, but sage-ly, sage-ly, sage-ly at length, at



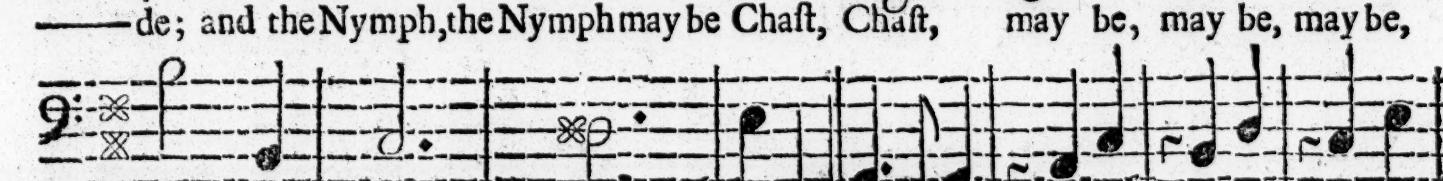
length he this secret dis- clos'd: He, he a-lone, he, he a-lone won't,



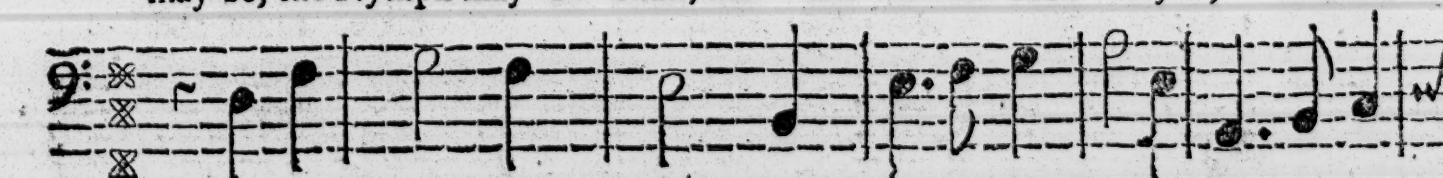
won't be-tray, won't, won't betray, in whom none, none, none will con-fi-



de; and the Nymph, the Nymph may be Chast, Chast, may be, may be, may be,



may be, the Nymph may be chaste, that has ne-ver been try'd; that has



never, never, never, never, never has, never, that never has, never has,  
never been try'd. try'd that has try'd.

The Sailors Song in the last new Play call'd (*Love for Love.*)  
Sung by Mr. Doggett. Set by Mr. John Eccles.

A Soldier and a Saylour, a Tinker and a Taylour, had once a doubtfull  
strife Sir, to make a Maid a Wife Sir; whose name was Buxome Joan, whose  
name was Buxome Joan: For now the time was ended, when she no more in-  
tended, to lick her Lips at Men Sir, and gnaw the Sheets in vain Sir, and  
lye a nights a lone, and lye a nights a lone.

## II.

The Soldier swore like Thunder,  
He lov'd her more than Plunder;  
And shew'd her many a Scar Sir,  
Which he had brought from far Sir,  
With Fighting for her sake.  
The Taylour thought to please her,  
With offering her his measure;  
The Tinker too with Mettle,  
Said he wou'd mend her Kettle,  
And stop up ev'ry Leak.

## III.

But while these three were prating,  
The Saylour flyly waiting;  
Thought if it came about Sir,  
That they shou'd all fall out Sir,  
He then might play his part,  
And just e'n as he meant Sir,  
To Loggerheads they went Sir;  
And then he ler fly at her,  
A shot 'twixt Wind and Water,  
Which won this fair Maids Heart.

## A Two Part Song by Mr. Henry Parcell.

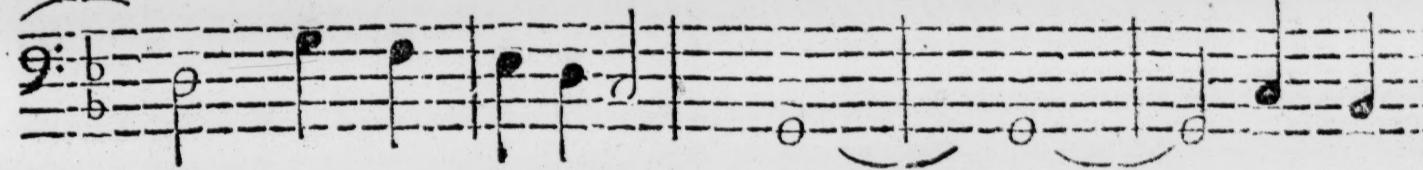
Two Daughters of this Aged stream are  
 Two Daughters of this Aged stream are we, Two  
 we, two Daughters of this a-ged strea—  
 Daughters of this aged stream are wee, two Daughters of this a—  
 m are we, and both our Sea-green Cocks have comb'd, and both our  
 ged stream are we, and both our Sea-green Cocks have comb'd for  
 Sea—green Cocks have comb'd, have comb'd for yee; come, come, come, come  
 yee, and both our Sea-green Cockshave comb'd for yee; come, come,



bathe with us an hour or two, come, come, come, come na--ked in for



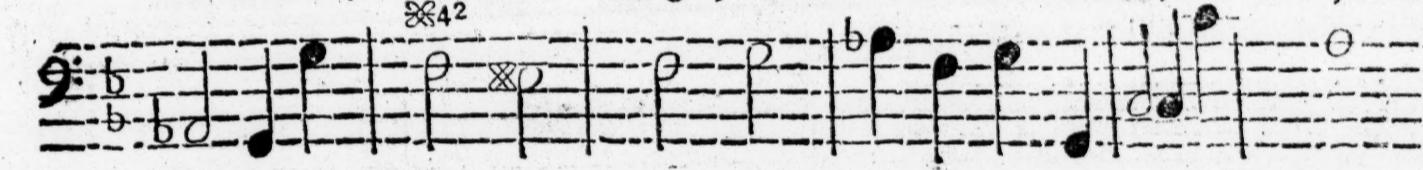
bathe with us an hour or two, come, come, come, come na--ked in for



we are so, what danger, what danger from a na--ked foe;



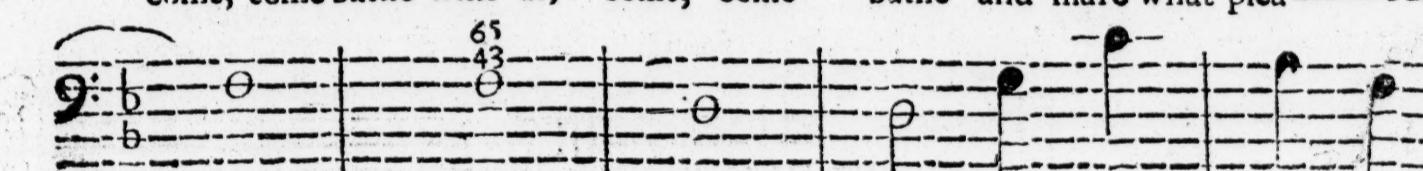
we are so, what danger, from a na--ked foe; come, come,



come, come bathe with us, come, come bathe and share what plea--



come, come bathe with us, come, come bathe and share what plea--

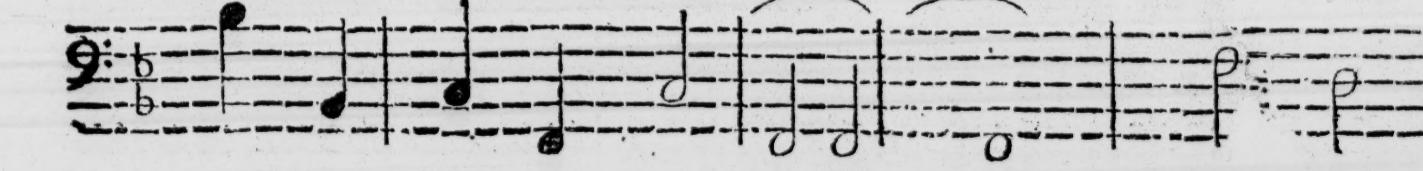


65  
43  
I

sures in the Floods ap--pear; we'll beat the Waters



sures in the Floods ap--pear; we'll beat the Waters till they



I

[ 30 ]

till they bound, we'll beat the Waters till they bound, and cir—  
 bound we'll beat the Waters till they bound, and cir—  
 cle round, and cir—  
 cle round, and cir—  
 cle round, and cir—  
 cle round, and cir—  
 round.

roun— d, and cir— cle round.

Mr. Picket's Song, Sung at St. Celia's Feast, by Mr. Robart.

He

The Con—

The Con—

con fort

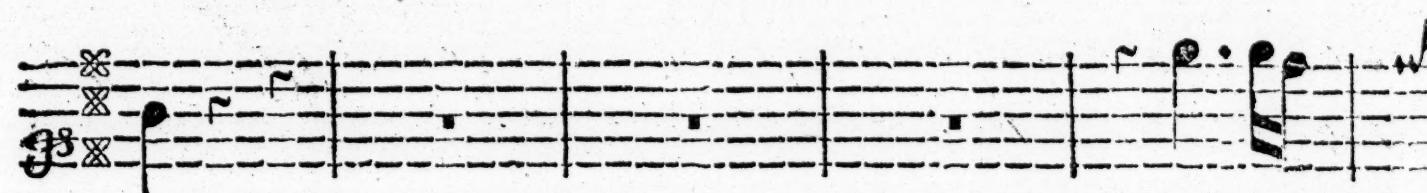
fort, the Con fort of the

sprink ling Lute;

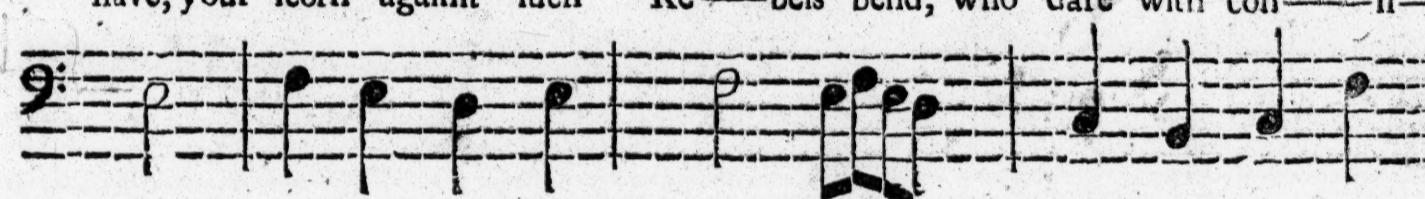
the sprink ling, the

sprink ling Lute, has struck the boast-ing Conqu'ors mute;

Hearts now like it trem  
 ble and grieve, Souls like  
 Sound s their Man-si-ons touch, touch,  
 touch, touch, the dan  
 sing Strings a



## A New Song.



## II.

Your conquering Eyes so partiall are,  
Or Mankind is so dull;  
That while I Languish in despair,  
Many proud senseless Hearts declare,  
They find you not :S: so killing fair,  
To wish — you mercifull.

## III.

They—an inglorious freedom boast,  
I Tryumph in my Chain;  
Nor am I unreveng'd, tho' lost,  
Nor you unpunish'd, tho' unjust,  
When I alone :S: who love you most,  
Am kill'd — with your disdain

F I N I S.



